

THE

English Gentleman Justified.

A

POEM.

Written on the Occasion of
A Late Scurrilous Satyr,
INTITULED,
The True-Born-Englishman.

*Semper Ego Auditor tantum Nunquamne Reponam
Vexatus Toties*——

Juvenal Sat. I.

L O N D O N

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L O N D O N

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The Two-Book-English

INTITLED

A Late-Scholar's

Written on the Occasion of

P O E T I C

A
cup 404. b. 26.

English Conjunctions

T H E

English Nobility and Gentry, &c.

I A KING lately Read over a Second-
edious Satyr, Intituled, The True Born
Englishman, and finding the Authors Wit
to exceed the Bounds of a Modest Decency, by
his Exposing Reproachfully the Birth and Fame
of our English Nobility, who Glory in a
Long and Noble Succession, deriv'd from the
Merit of their Ancestors, or their own Peculiar
Qualifications, and thereby detracting from the
Gentry of this Kingdom, who, in the Lower Se-
nate, Grace their Stations, as Branches of the
Best Stocks: I thought it became me (when others
did not do you Justice) to lay open some of the
many Errors therein Contain'd.

And I hope the Intention of my Writing this
Poem will appear so Laudable, as to have a fair
Construction made of it; more especially, If You,
Most

To the English Nobility and Gentry, &c.

Most Noble Lords and Gentlemen, (to whom I am unknown) I think fit to Exert your Power, in Justification of your Honourable Characters, my Pains are abundantly Recompenc'd. I have this to add, That if the Satyrist thinks himself Abused, in being in a Place or Two of this Poem, suppos'd an Irishman, 'tis owing to the Essayer in Prose, who shot Flying. I humbly hope the Verse will not Read meaner then that in the Satyr, nor with such Unlawfulness of Rhime. I saw my Native Countrymen much Abused, and if this can Prove an Abler Author to Treat better on the Subject, I shall think my Time well Improv'd. Ill Nature is not my Talent, and if such Reproaches go Unpunish'd, Persons may be barden'd in the Vanity of Writing future Matters of this Nature. I shall only add, That I really Believe this Man in Disguise, has made his Verses run Lane, on purpose to Dwell Incognito. And I Rest,

Your Lordships, &c.

The first Defence is Contained in this Poem.

Is Given with me, his Mean Riches be Tels:

T H E

English Gentleman

JUSTIFIED, &c.

TH O search for *Times* in dark Oblivion Cast,

And Damn *this Age* for what is gone and past;

Shows an ill Nature in our Poet Reigns,

Tho' *Purchasers* Reward his frothy Pains,

Admitting all he has advanced be True;

Merit should still obtain its proper Due,

When *Adam Dug*, and *Eve* Vouchsaf'd to Spin,

Some Ages past t'er Gentleman crept in,

Lorrains, and *Barbans*, and *Nassau* the Brave,

Have Ancestors forgotten in the Grave.

Hero's by *Merit*, nor by *Birth* should Rise

A long *Descent*, argues not being *Wise*.

B

He

10 *The English Gentleman Justified.*

He that Relieves a Country in Distress,

Is Great with me, tho' his Mean Birth be Less:

Titles are but Incumbrances of State,

'Tis *Vertue*, not *Descent*, that makes us Great.

Take the Reward of Honour once away,

The Souldier quits his Arms as well as Pay:

And this I boldly for a Truth may Tell

A Drummer may surpasse a *Colonel*.

'Tis with the prospect of a greedy Fame,

He sheds his Blood to purchase him a Name.

When *Cato* *Magisterial Purple* Wore,

He Blush'd not at his Ancestors before

When one *High Born*, did his *Mean Birth* Denote,

In Words like these, He did Correct his *Pride*:

You Boast of Ancestors are Gone and Past,

Your Fortune's Spent; and are your self *As fast*

You only now to *Rail* must be Content,

While I Repine not at my *Low Descent*.

'Tis



'Tis greater **Glory** to be the **First**
With **new** **Fame**, than to be the **Last**, and **End**.

Thus (if like this) the **Noble** **Patriot** spoke,

And with **Tremendous** **Awe**, the **Fabrick** shook:

Happier's the **Man** that's his **Adopted** **Son**,

Then higher **Born**, and **Born** to be **Endone**.

Men **Rest** not, whilst they hurry it in **State**,

But **Downy** **Sleep**, on **Innocence** does wait.

Pride and **Ill-Nature**, is a real **Cheat**;

'Tis **Personal** **Merit** only makes us **Great**.

In **Veres** true **Merit** by a **Long** **Descent**,
Bespeaks them **Brave**, without a **Complement**;

And in **Disputes** with **Tork** and **Lancaster**,
Prove diff'rent **Titles**, did not make them **Err**.

We **Labour** not for **Saxon**, nor for **Dane**:
Musty **Records** **Reveal** our being **Vain**:

When our **Fifth** **Henry** with his **Daring** **Lance**,

Shook the whole **Southern** **Coasts** of **Trembling** **France**:
When

The English Gentleman Justified.

When Faint *Valois* did Truckle to his *Pow's* easy wit
 Least in his Rage, he shou'd his *Realms* Devour.
 Then we shall find the Noble Name of *Vere*,
 Sounded most Grateful to each *Readers* Ear,

Howards in numerous *Titles* raise their Name,
 Amply their *Peerage*, does Record their *Fame*:
 Greatly in large *Alliances* they spread,
 And will in *Chronicles* of *Fame* be Read.

Seymour, in *Blood* and *Merit* stands so *High*,
 He does all shocks of *Adverse* Tongues Defy,
 And mix'd with *Peircy's* Race, he will maintain
 That Character, wou'd make another *Vain*.

Talbot in *Story*, will supply a *Place*
 That's fit to Deck the Honour of his *Race*.

In *France*, Intomb'd his *Monument* will Tell,
 That in his *Countries Cause*, he Bravely Fell.

Butlers have *Rings* past adorn'd their *Name*, and
Stand highly fix'd in large Records of *Fame*! *Is M bo A*
Whilst *Ormonds* Blow his Title does supply, *b x i T*
We hardly can belimeat brave * *Ossey*, *Is A T* *Is A T* *Is A T*
Took by untimely Fate, to let us know
That we have nothing certain here below! *Is A T*

Most Grateful will the Name of *Russel* sound, *Is A T*
A Name that does our *Property* Confound. *Is A T*
Tho' Death unkindly took one * Son away, (* *Ld. W. Russel*)
Fate so ordain'd to let the Father stay, *Is A T*
Till Crown'd with Years and Glory, he is gone, *Is A T*
And left his Title to brave *Russel's* Son *Is A T*
Here could I Weep, with Freedom drop a Tear, *Is A T*
To lose a Man his Country held so Dear, *Is A T*
One who had made so brave a *British* Peer. *Is A T*
Well might the *Romans* of their Trophy Boast, *Is A T*
When by the *Ax*, we so much *Merit* Lost. *Is A T*

Long

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Long can the *Purples* *Glorie* in *Renown* *rebound*
 And Malice must their Noble Merit own; yldid bnst2
 Fix'd above Censur'd by degrees they Rise, 10 flidW
 And Fame Establish'd proves their being Wise, 15 d 5W

Candish stands fix'd, unfully d in his Wench
 Early his Country set his Grandure forth:

From Noble Peers, he his High Birth denies, from
 And his Brave Genies fill quā Good Conitives in A

Beaufort from former Ages Claimed a Place, 10 35T
 Long have set Pders in a successive Race. bnwot lit
 Great in his Country, Blest with larger Estate bnA
 And Crouds of Servants on his Grandure Wait. 35H

Holler has Early Grae'd the House of Peers, 10 35Q
 In *Eyfield* first, in *Clare* of later Years, 15 35W
 And now the Title of *Newcastle* bears: 20 35V
 And that of *Clare* the Royal Line have Worn,
 Besting him who was to Greatness Born.

Osborn

Osborn Advanced in Honour and in Years,
 By Merit rais'd, Adorns the House of Peers;
 Long in the Lower Senate he had sat,
 Till Fame display'd him, and reveals him Great;

In a *Paternal Right*, by Fair Descent,
 Blest in Estate, with mind to Council bent,
 Obtains what so much Merit always Claims,
 And ever at his Countreys Quiet Aims.

The *Grey's* in Branches do Adorn our Age,
Kent, Stamford, Wark, my Pen might well engage:

But cease my Muse, who need their Merit tell?
 All claim Descent, and judge which does excell.

Herbets have Garters and the *Georges* wore,
 And to their Glory none deserve them more:
 Great in Advice, in Council truly Brave,
 And tott'ring Nations can from Ruine Save.

The

The never dying Fame of Cecil stands,
 So Nobly Brave, that it my Praise Commands;
 And till *Eliza's* Days shall be forgot,
 That Name will never in our Annals Rot.

The *Stanly's* Fame will last till *Bosworth Field*,
 Lies from the view of Passengers conceal'd:
 No busie Tongues their Loyalty upbraid,
 Tho' some have dearly for their Duty paid;

But still in Generous Souls 'tis full as Brave,
 To suffer when requir'd, as 'tis to Save.

Hastings and *Mannours* by Descent take Place,
 And in long Lines their Peetrage Nobly Grace.

The Name of *Sackville* cannot be forgot,
 His Body may, his Name will never Rot;
 Fix'd Record Eternal in his Fame,
 He Honours all that after bear his Name:

This

This I may wish, without my being vain,
The Name of Dorset ever may obtain.

The *Sidneys*, by their *Embassies* and *Skill*,
May Annals with their Noble Verrues fill.

The *Sheffields*, *Glinton*s, *Bonier*, and the *Boyl*,
The *Edgerton*s and *Villet*s, *Grace* our *New* it tells
The *Fielding*'s and *Fane*'s, *St. John*'s and *Montague*'s,
The *Peirpoint*'s, and *Donner*'s too, we can produce,
The *Tuston*'s, *Leak*'s, *Arundel*'s, and *Devereux*,
The *Spencer*'s and *Compton*'s, do their Lines Adorn,

Whilst from the last, the Clergy took their turn;
And *England*'s fair *Metropolis* can Tell us
(And to his Praise) that *Compton* Govern'd well
Who, all deserve the Hero's name in Verse.

Were we to search in *Dark* Decrees of Fate,
Search what moves Love, and what incurs our Hate,

Then we the *Capel*'s Fortune may Deplore,
In hardship, there are few have Suffer'd more.

Stanhop,

The English Gentleman Justified.

Stanhop, and Savage, Lowther and the Rest, I sit
I cannot Name, their Merit speaks them Best.

The Nevill's in a Progeny long fixt,
With Families of Worth their Blood have Mixt.

The *Delawares* and *Willoughby's* are Great,
And some from *Female* Right, do Claim a Seat:
Needless it were to Number all the Rest,
Their Parents for their Merits can Attest;
By Aiding Sovereign Power some justly rob,
And by suppressing of their Monarch's Foes.

The *Loyal Mordant*, and the *Delamere's*, most fill
Do fairly Claim the Right of *British* Peers;
With a long Roll too tedious to Rehearse
Tho' all deserve the Hero's share in Verse.

But Naming others, those I Miss shou'd wrong;
Besides the Nauseous dread of being Long.

Then we the Cobler's Fortune may Deplore
Else

In parquetry there are few such more.

Else of the *Sweet Taste* my Muse could Treat;
 All Men of *Worth*, their Works bespeak 'em Great!
 But Praising some, I others may Offend,
 This *Poem* no *Ill-Nature* does intend.

baccil eolp ead ot reba lib dnoM bna

But the *Long-Gown* (who by their real Skill)
 Rose to be *Great*, (nay some against their *Will*: yea,
 I justly may with *Praise* *Prick* Praise,
 Because their *Merit* did their *Peerage* raise,
 And to their *Glory*, some are sitting still,
 To justify the *Greatness* of their Skill.

baccil ob ew nroob ead ot reba lib dnoM bna

Then some, and (waving others) we must hear:
 Who does not love to have a *Finch* sing clear?
 In *Nottingham* the *Lois* had been unkind,
 Had he not left three Sons of *Worth* behind:
 Great as their *Sire*, and flourishing in *Gold*,
 Sweet at the *Bar*, and in the *Senate* Bold.

baccil eolp ead ot reba lib dnoM bna

Hyde's

Hyde's have a Name, and a large Figure bear,
And in their turns the Helm of Grandure share.

Cooper has in the *Chancery* Decreed,
And North did after to that Place succeed.

Somers has quitted with a fair Applause,
Without a Crime, and few Assign the Cause;
And sure 'tis Glory, since he did Retreat,
That none reproach the Actions of his Seat.

If from the Peerage down we do Descend,

And for the Birth of Commons Contend:
Endless wou'd be the Labour of my Muse,
And 'tis a *Work* that that bears a just Excuse.
Thus Grac'd our *English Gentleman* appears,
Besides Great Men of *Worth*, and Commons

Now let our *Satyr* Answer, when he can,

If Honour first made not the *Gentleman*?

Then

Then having justify'd our Brittish Peers,

I Cavil at the Title that it bears.

Why over other Nations should he run,

When his Design is Level'd at his own:

Either the *Poet's Whimsical* and *Weak*,

And what he means, Proudly disdains to Speak:

Or else he never *Satyr* wou'd Invoke,

And with his Country Parry thus, and Joke.

I fear that in his time it was his Lot,

Over *Hibernian* Bogs on Foot to trot:

And Ruminating on his former Fate,

Such Adverse Fortune did Incur his Hate.

Whether 'tis true or no, I cannot tell,

It seems his former usage was not well:

But yet small Signs in Publick do Appear,

We are not better pleas'd in *Peace* than *War*.

Those

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Those who for *Four*, Exchange their *Two* in Pound,
Have some Advantage in their *Table* found:

Debts are more easy Paid, and Rents come in,
And Circulate in *Rivolets* agin.

Ill-Nature ought not then to be severe,

Nor *Poets* Rail at Living Peaceful here:

If there be some that pine at Men in Place;

'Tis no great Argument of being Base;

But only serves to make it so appear

That *Englishmen* are fit to Govern here:

'Tis a Reflection on so great a State,

When *Interlopers* shall our Right Debate.

Yet wou'd I not our Princes Right Exclude;

My Modest Muse is far from being Rude:

And if his *Royal Bounty* will Extend,

Like other Monarchs, let him chuse his Friend,

'Tis a peculiar Right annex to Power;

Nor shall my Muse at what he Wishes sower.

None

None sure forget the Glories of his Reign,
 Upon Records Establish'd they remain;
 And to succeeding Ages will convey,
 A firm Belief of a Propitious Sway.
 'Tis not Preferment gives us present Ease,
 For *Natives* more than *Foreigners* do please.

If that we *Fifty Millions* have disburs'd,

We cannot think We are with Plenty curst;
 And none their former Monarch have undone,
 For all seem pleas'd with Him that Guards our Throne.

What not your Anger at the Nation's Pride,
 We own one Monarch, and we take His side;
 We slight no Neighbours for their being kind:
 Not to look forward, Argues we are Blind.

Here with your Character shou'd I begin,
 And with your *Satyr* let my *Malice* in:

usings to Govern them stonc:

Large

The English Gentleman Justified.

Large were the Field, you suffer me to range,
 And fresh Game starting, Tempt me still to change.
 The Roughness of your Verse does seem to say,
 That you have Writ out of the *Common-way*;
 At least the *Devil* seems to owe a spite,
 When first by Wiles he Tempted you to *Write*.
 To want due *Numbers* when you fain would Rail,
 Is a clear Case he did his Servant fail;

To Spain you *Pride*, the chiefest Peer assign,
 To wait at *Mexico* upon their *Mine*;
 To Guard the Silver Mountains of *Pern*;

Which when Times are Reform'd, are fit for you—
 Yet in your Favour you my Vote Secure,
 That they are *very Rich*, and *very Poor*.
 And if to Beg it ever proves their Fate,
 Poorly reduc'd they yet will beg in State.

To Italy and to the *Torrid Zone*,
Lust is assign'd to Govern them alone:

And

And tis But fit that *Arbitrary* Stay
Shou'd Govern, where the *Pope* does bid *Obeey*.

To Germany you *Drunkennes* assign,
And give to them the chearful God of Wine;
Yet so that England may their Bounty reap,
And Vomit what the *German*s cannot keep.

In France ungovern'd *Passions* bear a Sway,
And yer none more Obsequiously Obeey.

Dancing, whiffle, to the World intrueth, but what
And have undone themselves and others to gain what
None contradicts what looks like being true.

Blindly the *Pagan World* is lead astray;
When th' Devil drives, who dares presume to stay?

Thence to *Hibernia* (wanting Map) you fly,
As if it were a Neighbouring Colony.

D From

From thence to *Russia*, where with little pains,
You prove that *Folly* most *Triumphant Raigers*,

Boldly of *Fury* you the *Dane* accuse,
And *Melancholy* in the *Speed* Infuse.
The *Muscovite* with stupid *Ignorance*,
And *Wit* to Tempt the *Chinese* does Advance,
The *Persians* do *Effeminate* appear,
Despair and *Poverty*, the *Tartars* wear.

Turks and the *Moors* their *Prophecies* Govern all,
The *Jews* must wait, expecting of a Call,

Rage you maintain, subdues the *Portugueses*,
And *Fraud* Essays the *Scotch-man* by *Degrees*,

Revenge you fairly do assign the *Pole*,
And *Avarice* hath into *Dutchland* stole.

How,

How, or what ever way it is you hit
These *Countrey's* with the Lashes of your Wit;
'Tis not my part to Justifie or Rail,
Injur'd, let those look to it you Assail.

But that your *Modesty* may more appear,
You draw a *Veil*, That *England* takes her Share,
And better to Impose upon our Sense,
Put *Banters* to conceal your *Impudence*.
With such a sort of *Sophistry* you Rail,
As *Beggars*, when they wou'd by Force prevail.

You boast our *Open Harbours*, *Fertile Plains*,
Her *Merchants Glory*, these; and those, the *Swains*.
But that we to each *Victor* were a Prey,
'Tis more than *Cæsars Commentaries* say.
If to *Invaders* open we are laid,
'Tis much we were not Sold, when once Betray'd.

The English Gentleman Justified.

Not all the Satyr that you yet have told,
Seems so unjust, and (if a Native) Bold.
But when you Tax us with *Ingratitude*,
Of the same Country we may you conclude.

What by your Contradictive Terms you mean,
Cannot, I'm sure, by Vulgar Eyes be seen:
To better Judges Votes, I this will leave;
Who's call'd *Ungrateful*, ere he does Receive?

First you a Benefit must fairly fix,
Before you can Impose Ungrateful Tricks;
And if we were by wand'ring Thieves o'er-run,
No sooner were Invaded but undone!

Dispeopled Nations, how cou'd they Increase?

But this you must not place your *Masterpiece*:

For what in Terms a *Contradiction* bears,

Full Room for justly Paraphrasing spares:

And if from *Diff'rent Nations* we derive,

Some Blood of Worth in Justice you must give.

Cesar

Cesar, who came to vanquish us at first,
 Met not that Gain which half his Charge disburst:
 And if a Prey we frequently did fall
 To *Greeks*, to *Lombards*, and the fiercer *Gaul*,
 To *Saxon*, *Dane*, to *Sueno*, and the rest,
 As you from History do so Attest;
 Conquest has been the Fortune of the Best.

But that *Hibernian* Wits did Laws dispence,
 Seems strange, since now they take their Laws from hence.

And *Norman William's* Landing on our Shore
 Reduc'd what was an *Heptarchy* before,
 Supprest the Miseries of Civil War,
 And on one Person did the *Crown* Confer.
 He came, and took what the Confessor left,
 As of his Blood; and how comes this a Theft?

The *Welch* are Ancient, and 'tis no Disgrace,
 To bear their *Titles* and allow 'em *Place*:

Each

The English Gentlemen Justified.

Each House does Represent 'em in their Shires,
 And Monarchs Grace 'em in their Eldest Heris.
 So it more Glory seems, than an Abuse,
 And the Reflection just wants Excuse.
 And what the Scots by Depredations made,
 But very mean their Expedition paid.

If Shibboleth remains upon our Tongue,
 It shows we to Antiquity belong:
 Amphibious, and Ill-Born, are Terms of Art,
 Fitter to have a Foreigner Impart:
 'Tis an Ill-Natur'd Bird bewrays his Nest;
 You seem (Dear Joy) deriv'd from Land of Jest.

The Norman (laying of the Will aside)
 Which our Confessor did as Heir Provide:
 Came as a Conqueror, for Harold Fought,
 And was o'ercome, which the best Title wrought:
 None thence conclude our William's Cause the same;
 For not on Conquest, but Request, he came:

And

And he who kept his Troops (by Conquest just) did
Proves not, the Cause of others who misfortune

Nor does, at last, your Pedigree look Fair, but

Unless you know the Stallion and the Mare:

For 'tis most certain, by his fiddens leap, to bid
Chance does produce what Nature bids 'em keep. A

Next David is at Huckleb's their Head, and

Whether for Debts or Crimes they thither fled;

I will not for their Merit here dispute, but

'Tis Argument to things gains the Suit, to bid

And may kind Heaven Proposition provide him

For him, whose Cause appears the Juster side: to bid

And if the best of Queens* he dares Reproach (we ask)

We make no Parallel 'twixt her and Darch, but

*His vile Reflection which the Stewart's came, (*9th. 1)

Makes none so curious, as to search his Name: and

Tho'

The English Gentleman Justified.

Tho' such Reproaches do well fixt Appeal, w^{ch} bnd A

'Tis what no *Native* can with Pleasure hear; w^{ch} bnd A

Not Hear! Because the matter is Unjust,

And all that he Advances is off Trust. w^{ch} bnd A

:w^{ch} bnd A w^{ch} bnd A w^{ch} bnd A w^{ch} bnd A

Not but our *Stem* might *Scot* Promote, w^{ch} bnd A

And give a *Right* as *British* Peer to Vote; w^{ch} bnd A

Since by access of Kingdoms, by him joyn'd,

Gives Him full Pow'r to show that He is Kind. w^{ch} bnd A

:w^{ch} bnd A w^{ch} bnd A w^{ch} bnd A w^{ch} bnd A

On *Charles's* Restoration you Inveigh, w^{ch} bnd A

Nor shall I clear the Charge on him you lay, w^{ch} bnd A

In Youthful Vigour to his Throne He came, w^{ch} bnd A

Nor shall my *Panegyrick* swell his Fame; w^{ch} bnd A

Best did he know what it was to be Oppress'd; w^{ch} bnd A

And when in Pow'r, He others Wants Redress'd; w^{ch} bnd A

And who wou'd lay Unkindness to his Charge

Whose Nature wou'd all in Distress Enlarge! H*

But to conclude, from hence, our *Englishman* w^{ch} bnd A

From such a mixture first his Race began;

Is sure our *British* Memory to wrong,
And to Ill Nature does his *Muse* belong.

(Next in our Vices you Correct our *Pride*,
And even you in *Correction* do Deride:
You wonder we of *Generations* Boast,
And here grow *Witty* at your *Countries* Cost.

Pride, you have Rally'd from the Coast of *Spain*,
And from the *German's Drunkenness* you Gain;
You Deal with them, as we give *Children Tools*,
Give, and Take back again, to show 'em *Fools*.

Next, what our *Saviour* spoke, you make a Jest,
Only to be a Sample to the Rest;
And you avouch, no *Family Alive*,
But from *Some Foreigner* does first derive.

You Compromise our *Families* to Ten,
And all the Rest are *spurious Gentlemen*,

E And

The English Gentleman Justified

And ask our *Heralds* if they can by *Art*, two *Shill* & 1
A larger Number than these *Ten* Import. III of *bnA*

But when that *Industry* (which *D—* *each* admire)
You thus Condemn, forbidding to aspire: *bnA*
You much Discourage what the World support,
But therein speak, as if it were in Sport, *bnA*
Lay but *Rewards* for *Industry* aside,
And you against the *Bravest* Part provide.

Who *Studies* in the *Law* to be *Expert*,
But hopes to be a *Master* of his *Art*?

Who *Labours* in the *Civil Law* to *Read*,
But with *Desire*, He may therein succeed?

Who in *Divinity*, would Plunge his *Thought*,
Unless *Preferment* cou'd from thence be sought?

Who

Who *Plows*, without the Thoughts that He may

(Reap?)

Who Tires his Bones without Design to Sleep?

Who the Cape Doubles, but in hopes of Gain?

Or all wou'd else Renounce the Angry Man.

And 'tis well known Great Cities do Provide

Coaches for choke, who were not us'd to Ride :

'Tis more *Praise Worth*, meanly to be Born,

Then Claim a long Descent with abject Scorn.

1154B

THE

~~Who have his Bones~~

T H E

English Gentleman

JUSTIFIED, &c.

P A R T I I.

OUR Breed describ'd, you next on Satyr Call,
And on our Temper, and our Manners fall.

Satyr Appears, and in a Merry fit,
You once our Natural Constitution hit.

Fierce we as Britains are, as Romans Brave,
And less inclin'd to Conquer, then to Save.

Nature into us Freedom has Infus'd,
With an Antipathy to be abus'd.

Tenacious of our Liberties and Rights,
And on each fair pretence a Brittain Fights;

Lavish

Lavish of Blood, but then he never draws,
 Unless that *Justice* does support his Cause.
 He knows not *Fear*, yet not of *Forecast* void,
 And Loves to keep what *Ancestors* enjoy'd.
 The *Pict* has made us *Sow'r*, the *Dane* *Moross*,
 From *Saxon* we our *Honesty* Engross.

Your *Satyr*, at the first, did seem to Sleep,
 Now rouses up, and does a hissing keep:
 But tho' *Reproaches* lavishly you fling,
 Your Noise offends, but yet you leave no Sting.
 'Tis *English* Beef our *Courage* does uphold,
 Our *Climate* makes us *Terrible* and *Bold*:
 If a *Mixt Breed* such *Courage* does Infuse,
 It might in part sure other Crimes Excuse.
 But when a *Satyr* is inclin'd to Rail,
 Who can prevent a *Satyr's* venom'd Tail?

Next, to support the *Brittains* being *Weak*,
 You tell us still, That *we know what we Speak*:

If

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If this as *Satyr* on us you intend,
It surely rather serves to Recommend;
Plain-Dealing is a Jewel all Esteem,
'Tis *Honest* sure, to be the Men we seem;
'Tis a firm *Argument* we are Sincere,
Why shou'd Men say, what others shou'd not hear?

If our own Council we do undermine,
'Tis then *Infirmity*, and not *Design*:
And if this renders us unfit to Plot,
'Tis our Cold *Climate* makes it not our Lot.

If that for *Plotting* then we are unfit,
'Tis our good *Fortune* and we may submit.
Whilst *Italy* with *Plotting* does abound,
'Tis from their *Heat*; we being *Cold*, are found.

Your next Reflection is upon our *Poor*,
In this All Countries must our Fate deplore:

Too Justly this Reflection you have made,
 For Beggars seem to grow a *Real Trade*:
 So *Sawcy, Mutinous, and Beggary,*
 That ev'ry Publick Street offends our Eye.
 And if our Senate no Redrefs can find,
 Our Gentry have Misfortunes left behind.
At Night they Spend the Profit of the Day,
 And Sing, and Roar, to have the *Parish Pay*.
 Yet you aver good Nature in their Drink:
 'Tis strange, Sense comes, when others cannot think:
 If *Greatest Artists are the Greatest Sots*;
 'Tis plain we draw some Prizes in our Lots.

But from the Poor, (who are by Gentry led)
 The Clergy next, in Satyr do succeed.
The Landlord is their God, the Priest their Pope,
 What may we not from such *Examples* hope?
 If Clergy were not of Forgiving kind,
 Some wou'd the *Author* for his Frenzy find:

Wou'd

The English Gentleman Justified.

Wou'd for foul Dealing call him to Account,
But search not for him in *Parnassus Mount*:
Rest well assur'd he cannot there be found,
None tread *Apollo's Court* with Feet unsound.

But if the *Clergy* are in gross Abus'd,
The Swearing Bench are not much better us'd;
Who Purge Good Manners and Religion out:
Thus the *Lay-Brethren* with the Gown you Rout.
How Just this Imputation will appear,
Time will not let me now Examine here.

But that your *Challenge* may be full and large,
You the *Sage Dons* of deepest Learning Charge;
You vouch they *Aristippus* do prefer,
As the best means to help if they shou'd Err.
Galen is laid aside, *Specifick Wine*,
Makes him his Pow'r to greater Charms Refign.

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The *Graduate* Study is no painful *Task*,
'Tis only changing *Strain'd*, for *Flacks*
But *Mile* *Abol'd* *Abol'd* *Flacks*
I thought *Flacks* *Flacks* *Flacks* *Flacks*
For *Flacks* *Flacks* *Flacks* *Flacks*
For *Flacks* *Flacks* *Flacks* *Flacks*

The *Surgeon* *Assist* *Examp'd* *led*,
Pours *Wine* in *Wounds* to have the *Windy* *fed*.
Whether *Ill-use* *Makes* your *Say* *Bite*,
I cannot tell, but you *seem* *Idol* *'em* *Right*.
Rashly to Censure, does but look Severe,

And I suspend to give your Character
'Till your *Great* *Nine* appears upon the *Stage*,
And better Cause be *Thorn* to move your *Rage*,
You *Rail* like one that does *Preferment* *miss*,
Or has the *Stone*, or *Gravel*, when you *P---*.

There's no Degree your *Say* does *escape*,
No Science, where you don't commit a *Rape*.
I'll be *Idol* *'em* *Right* *Idol* *'em* *Right*

Next come the *Band* of *Pain* *Pain* *Pain*,
And 'tis no wonder that you use them *Ill*.

For of their Form you hardly can be thought,
Since *V* *right* *by* *commence* *or* *Drink* *you* *voice*.
Since *Railing*, when unjust, is good for nought.
F

The English Gentleman Justified.

I thought that *Bacchus* ever was their King,
 But Wise *Apollo* taught you not to Sing;
 For *Pegasus* still hovers with the Wing;
 Else Wisely he had Learnd you first to scan,
 Before he set you up for *Gentlemen*;
 You sure are *Water-Poet* by your *Rhimes*,
 For *Wine* makes *Poet*'s truly ring of *Chimes*.

Nor must the *Statesman* part without your *Dash*,
 For *Wine* he does deposit down his *Cash*;
 In Weighty *Politicks* he freely *Drinks*,
 What hinders others, helps him when he *Thinks*.

Nor can the *Soldier* Fight, or *Courage* raise,
 'Till his Devotion he to *Bacchus* pays;
 Who draws on all Mankind, we reckon *Bold*;
 But you regard our Climate's being *Cold*,

Then the next *Recipe* is very choice,
Songsters shoud Drink, to Recommend their Voice.
 Such

Such a Mistake I need not to Confute,

For Contradictions are beyond Dispute.

Nor must the Clergy yet depart away,

Wine's the only Spirit by which they Pray:

Instead of Study you prescribe them Drink,

A way to make them more Divinely Think.

Nor can new started *Algalites* go free,

I find no Sect did your wild Satyr see.

Bold, you at Random, like Old Archers, Shoot;

If Reason cannot, Impudence must do't.

Next you the Gods of Drunkenness Arraign,

None can Escape you in your Merry Vein:

Full of Reproof you are (like Busby) Whip,

Up goes the Flap, and presently they Skip:

But if the Gods in Justice do you Right,

They would their Cause by Lashing you requite.

And sick as nothing when you pass in.

Then our *Estate*, and *Sense* we *Drink* away;
 Wou'd *Drunkenness* in *Germany* did stay;
 And never to our *Confiner* found the way.

Nay worse, you bring us over *Pride* from *Spain*;
 Pray send her to her *Country* back again,
 To lose their *Ravine*, sure they must *Complain*.

Next on *Religion* you think fit to fall,

Lest *Malice* shou'd not compromise them all;
 By-Ways to *Heaven* we go, in *Paths* untrod;
 As if that every *Faction* had it's *God*.

Tenacious of *Mistakes* to that *Degree*,

You *Damn* all *Sects*, to *Damn* our *Progeny*;
 Good *Barber* rather any *Tooth* than fail;
 So that you have unbounded *Power* to *Rail*;
Taunts and *Reproaches* are to you a *Feast*;
 And *Parry* at our *Crimes*, to break your *Jest*;
Spurring at all, you ride thro' *Thick*, and *Thin*;
 And stick at nothing, when your hand is in.

Shy to each other, meanly we are Grown,
And Love to force the way to Heav'n alone,
Rigid and Zealous, Positive and Grave,
We thank you for these Epithets we have.

If we are Rigid, look you are not found,
For Zealots are to punish Errors bound:
'Tis likely too, if we are Positive,

We may, perchance, want Grace, and not Forgive:
But the best Character you give, is Grave,

'Tis well Three Vices can One Vertue have:
But he who prints in Prejudice to all,
Does to the last of every Scribler fall,
For Drawing on Mankind in general has been no

But the next Line you Englishman's the Devil, and
For we are all ill-humour'd and Unkind.
You bring, I find, a swinging Bill of Fare,

But those must Pay, that deal with you in Ware:

Nor

Nor will you with our Character thus end,
Surly to Strangers, Froward to our Friend;
 Much of our Noble Vertues rest Behind,
 For we are most *Ungrateful* and *Unkind*,
 If Bounty we Receive, so Proud we ask,
 The Giver seems to have the greater Task,
 'Tis fit, till all's forgot, you keep your Masque,

Nor have ye yet spit all your Malice out,
 You fly on Fierce, to put us to the Rout;
We never Love, where we Receive Relief;
 This seems, of all our Crimes, to be the chief,
 Call us *Ungrateful*, and the Deed is done,
 You need not add, here's Crime enough in one.
Sullen in Sorrows does bespeak us Brave,
 It shows we Sense of our Misfortunes have;
 Loth to partake what Want compells to Crave.

But then a sowness falls upon your Muse,
 Our Noble Benefactors we abuse:

Of

Of Haughty Stomachs pining in Distress;
Scarce a Crime Reigns, you make us not Confess.
Seldom Contented, often in the Wrong,
Are ev'ry thing by Turns; and nothing Long.
But tho' your Blood may sow'r, I scorn to Rail,
If Argument, then Billingsgate shall fail.

He will not part as yet, I can assure ye,
More Crimes come on, Vindictive in our Fury.
With our Brains Cool, I find we take our Turns,
Before we are Furious, now Rage seldom Burns;
For pleas'd by Fits, we are not Angry long,
Yet to it, have an Inclination strong.

To show you, you no Party have forgot,
The Modern Quakers too must have their Lot;
Who expect Manners, and return you none;
Friend *William may assert the Cause alone.

The English Gentleman Justified.

*In Friendship we are false, but in Discourse is true
 We talk on's wicks; none understand it worse
 For where our Property it does annoy, we move
 You say it does our Friendship soon destroy
 'Tis mean in any to despise their Race, but you
 But your whole Satyr Aims to prove us Base
 Next, All we know, we presently do tell;*

*In which all other Countreys we Excel;
 But never wanting to Record our Praise,
 Rather than fail, we our own Trophies raise
 If that a Foreigner to show his Wit,
 Had on this Subject for Diversion Writ,
 It might have pass'd for Pleasant and Josephe
 But if a Native, does the Grandeur Lose;
 In our own Character we still appear,
 Full of our selves, to make our Name shine clear,
 None but your self would at your Country rail;
 But Malice, cannot on our Sense prevail
 Your Poem seems to be without Design,
 And an effect of Muddiness in Wine.*

From

From a Debauch receiv'd the Night before,
Or disappointment of a Tavern Score.
Our Generosity comes next in Play,
It seems then we are dextrous in that way,
Our Obligation for your Praise is such,
We must return too little, or too much;
And till we can agree on your Reward,
Pray do not think our Thanks detain'd, looks hard.

But for our Wit 'tis sparkling as our Wine,
Which quaffing off, it does our Brains refine
But out of Pocket, out of Humour strait,
Long for your good Opinion we do wait.
At last, that Generous Favours we obtain,
For here's a Complement might make us vain,
Cheerful in Labour, Pray accept our Thanks,
In the Behalf of those of lower Ranks.

But

But like true Satyr by an Irony, soon wounds a most
When you Commend, you the same time defys; and so
And if the brighter Sex you'll not defame,
It is their Beauty that preserves their Name: O how
And out of due respect unto the Fair, as you must attend if
Th' are Modester than other Nations are. O how
But yet to Rail you have a strong Temptation, such as
'Tis want of Money, more than Inclination; as will be
And have this Noble Character allow'd, that you do want
They'r something Noisie, and a little Proud.

If from the Sex should I Commission gain, up should
To give you Thanks, sure it would make you Vain.
Rather I fear you will not meet that Fate; nor good
Noisy and Proud are Epithets they hate.

But from the Women on the Men you fall,
Yet hardly do you compromise us all:
He that is Humble, being Rich, is Just;
And sure, in this, you seem to miss your thrust.

On

On *Laws* and *Power*, you say, we do *impose*,
and Learn to lead our Betters by the Nose;
Either your Memory is very short,
Or you, perhaps, write this to make us sport;
For you maintain'd before that we are led,
By our own Landlords, and the Priest our Head:
How that, with what you now assert agrees,
I cannot solve such Lofty Mysteries.

Slaves to our *Liquors*, *Bridges* to the *Pot*,
Our Character is not entire forgot:

Conceal your Name, lest if you ever stand,
In *Burrough-Town* you will not have one hand!

Then 'tis our *Custom* to *affront* our *King*;

Pray how come's Little *Clowns* so *Great* a *Thing*?

That we at Peaceful Times so much repine,

And Mutiny without the least *Design*?

Those who own Errors sure in time may mend,
Some suffer for the Cause they can't Defend;

And others for the Master they Betray'd,

Have large amends by Sequestration paid;

But Nature will on *Englishmen* prevail,

And there were *Priests* that in the Cause turn'd Tail.

If Error be Retriev'd, than 'tis but Fair

To leave that side, whose Service we despair;

If some too meanly might with *Times* comply,

Who can support a Cause where *Armies* fly?

Some were by *Zeal* into Misfortune led,

Void of *Design* that *Rome* shou'd be their Head,

But where their base Intrigues were better known,

Turn Cat in Pan, and made the Cause their own:

Still in all *Reigns* have *Revolutions* been,

And one turn'd out, another strait steps in

 I own with you, 'tis as unsafe a thing,

A Ruling-Priesthood, as a Priest-rid King;

That

That *Abdicated* ~~For~~, too late can tell,
 By *Priests* Advice, He from that Station fell;
 And when *Suspensions* and *Imprisonments*,
 Unjustly made, did move our *Discontents*;
 When *Priests* in Council did with *Laws* dispence,
 And none but *Fools* thought fit to advise their Prince:
 It seems not strange we shou'd support our *Laws*,
 And veer about, when in so brave a Cause.
 When *Kings* the *Sword of Justice* first lay down,
 They are no *Kings*, tho' they possess a *Crown*;
 For when they first to our *Protection* swore,
 And break that Oath, they are our *Kings* no more.
 And their *Compliance* to a *Foreign Force*,
 To me bespeaks them rather Brave, than Worse.
 They saw their Bleeding Country in Distress,
 And *Danger* growing, made their *Duty* less;
 And if they have Address'd beyond the Seas,
 'Twas to to that *Monarch's Heirs* that did not please:
 Incircled round with bright *Maria's* Charms,
 He *Conquer'd* by Consent, and not by *Arms*.

So

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So not a Strangery, but Ally'd in Blood;
Next in the Line of fair Succession stood;
Long may he keep what his high Merit claims;
The way alone to signalize our Fames.
But still the Clergy you're pursuing Home,
They'll Swear to any Prince in Christendom.

But in next Paragraph you fiercer fall,
You would not have the Clergy Swear at all;
And for that Cause, this Topic you produce,
That Whores and Priests do never want Excuse.
'Tis a home charge, and worthy second Thought,
And might Perhaps, as well have been forgot.

To your Wife Notions of a Government,
At least, (to all Material) I consent:
Such Doctrines yet in other Lands look strange,
But not with us who are Inur'd to Change.
Fickle by Nature Virulent, and Strong,
Are Ev'ry thing by Turns, and Nothing long. The

The Voice of Nature, and the Course of Things, right

Allow our *Laws* Superior to our *Kings*, and

Your other Noble *Politicks* look well,

No Subject can to *Keep his own*, Rebel,

But I much Fear that others will conclude,

The Powers too large you give the Multitude:

But since the better Rank you counsel treat,

You call in *Mob*, and your Design complete,

Here on the *Brave Nassau* you do enlarge,

But ev'n Praising Him, our Crimes you charge.

Contentedly I Rest to hear your Song,

For *William's* Praises never seem too long,

But when I thought you *Malice* did Adjourn:

I find the *Favour* does Return and Burn.

You say they did a *Donative* intend,

And the Prince back with all his Forces send;

There's

There's few suppose he came upon that Score, *N* o't
Lay-Abby Brethren seem'd to want him more, *no* *no*
 For *Lands* there were by *Ha---* *T--n--r* Granted,
 And Honest Souls they *Decimating wanted *(42. 5th.)*
Dugdales Monasticon at *Rome* was priz'd, *no* *no*
 There all the *Lands* were seen, from whence *Deviz'd*
 And they were parting of the *Lions* Skin, *no* *no*
 But run away when greater Force came in. *no* *no*
 But why with *Romish Priests* shou'd ours be fixt, *no* *no*
 For a few Straglers which with them have mixt?
 The Great, and Braver part are left behind, *no* *no*
 If some have *Backward Preach'd*, it looks more kind,
 When *Passive Doctrine* wou'd no farther run,
 They found the Folly, and their Error own. *no* *no*
 If in a *Trap*, we by Mistakes do fly, *no* *no*
 We Recompence the World when we comply. *no* *no*
 All *Tyranny's* the *Nations* Term for Grief,
 And *Brave Nassau* was speedy in Relief;
 He came like *Cæsar*, *Saw*, and *Overcome*, *no* *no*
 And sent these Men of deep Intriguing home.

Now

Now 'tis but just that having brought your Muse
To such a flight as does just Joy Infuse;
You shou'd the Glory of that Deed repeat,
And show him (what his Foes acknowledge) Great.
May Musick ever dwell upon his Tongue,
Who has his Harp for David's Glory sung.

But ever, on the Willow hangs your Harp,
Satyr bounds in, and looks unkind and sharp;
Rebels to God we are, and Nature too,
False to our King, and to the World untrue.
So deep in Error sunk, that shou'd they Cry
To Heav'n for Help, Heav'n wou'd not cast an Eye.
Thus you can tell what is above Decreed,
Mild Judges never Sentence pass in speed.
And for the Dutch, who brought us present Aid,
Six Hundred Thousand Pounds their Journey paid;
And had my Vote obtain'd, they might have staid.

H

Those

58 *The English Gentleman Justified.*

Those whom we send; and point what we should pay,
 Are fittest Judges who shall Go or Stay: gift a doubt *warE*
 When you thro' out in nothing count us wise, *godt uoy*
 Why is it strange, those Foreigners despise. worst *buA*
 And if you knew the Secrets of my Mind, *AdmAM yAM*
 You wou'd acquit my being thought unkind. *and odW*
 He looks like an *Amphibeus* sort of thing,

Can rail at *Dutchmen*, yet admire the King: *vs juuA*
 If Cities did for *Homer's Birth* contend, *admod vna?*
Holland, for *William's* sake, becomes our Friend: *AdmAM*
 None justly Rail, or ever gain the Day, *A uio of vna?*
 Who wou'd Wife Monarch's banter in their way: *o?*
 Let *Portland* for his Merit wear the Star, *not uio of vna?*
 And *Schomberg's* *Lawrels* Blossom still in *Wars*, *and T*
 If Lords of Mannors may their Stewards chuse, *blim*
 Shall Kings, as Kings, not take, or else refuse? *not buA*
 And in a Prince so Gen'rons and so Just, *uio of vna?*
 'Tis Crime to Harbour but the least mistrust *buA*

That

That *Natives* have *Betray'd him*, most will own;
 But those, *Not Guilty*, might have slept alone.
 And when Man does *Invenom'd Satyr Write*,
 Like *Dogs thro' Towns*, whom *Phrenzy* does Invite,
 Without Distinction, all they meet they Bite.
 So you for *Black-Offences* do pursue,
 Those who are *Innocent*, and *Guilty* too;
 Whether this Method you have took looks fair
 I shall to those that Read our Lines Refer,
 And come to that (which I Despair to Reach,)
 And Paraphrase upon your fine long Speech.

If Clouted Iron Shoes, and Shit-skin Breeches,
 To Golden Chains, and Robes of Purple reaches,
 This Noble Doctrine to the World it Teaches:

That Industry shou'd ever meet Regard,
 And that Reproaches, seem to look too hard.
 If He Wore Rags, and fairly Riches Got,
 Standing Reprov'd, Reveals your Satyr Hot.

If he has *Wealth* in Store, instead of *Dirt*,
 And by just *Trading*, how appears it hurt?
 For this, He has an *Argument* looks strong,
 That he did never *Get* wrong *Backwell* wrong:
 His *Heir*, with other *Visitors* attends,
 And *Justifies* his *Conduct* to his *Friends*,
 If he to *Prisoners*, has extended *Aid*,
 And *Strangers' Debts*, in *Charity* has *Paid*,
 'Tis sure a *Glory* cannot be *Forgot*,
 And so your *Bolt* you have but meanly *shoed*,
 If formerly he went to *Layton Fair*,
 And *Tended Cows and Calves*, thro' *Dirt and Air*:
 Yet now *Advanc'd* to *Magisterial Pow'r*,
 You shou'd not at his *Birth*, nor *Fortune Sow'r*.

Beggars Exalted, have not always *Pride*,
Estates well *Got*, give *Priviledge* to *Rise*:
 If, *Cart-Whip* thrown aside, he wears a *Chain*,
 Why shou'd anothers *Fortune* be *Pain*?

If our *Wise Senates*, Lab'ring for the Best,
 Take things on Trust, that will not bear the Test:
 And after by their *Arguments*, and *Skill*,
 Do first bring in, and then throw out a *Bill*,
 'Tis plain his *Cause* in's Favour did appear,
 Or he had never stood for *City-Chair*.
 And if that *Honesty* he never had,
 The Greatest part of *Livery Men* were Mad:
 And *Purpled Knights* (sure Men of deepest Sense)
 Know in their Votes there was small difference.

Then if in *Quest of Bread*, to Town he came,
 Time, and *Success*, Avouches him a *Name*.
 If *Humble Foot-Boy* did his Post Contain,
 Exalted now, he's far from being Vain.
 And if *St. Magnus Dial* cou'd but Speak,
 She'd Chime his *Praises*, tho' she Chimes them Weak.
 Tho' he might from a meaner *State* begin,
 He His'd not at the Hand, which took him in.

And

And none but *Satyr* ever was so *Rude*,
As once to Tax him with *Ingratitude*.

You urge, That as he *Backwell* has undone;
So Cheated he the *Prince* that now is gone;
If *True*, or *False*, it seems to bear no stress,
And looks like what is often spoke by *Guests*:
More than was left, some, kinder to him, sent;
And had it Travell'd thither, had been spent;
Not that we find a want of Money there,
Since *Lemidores* by Pounds come Tumbling here.

Judas you Tax, as a *Buffoon*, or *Fool*,
And fitter to be *Whipt*, and sent to School.
Thus Bant'ring Scripture; Tell a pleasant Tale;
But any Jest will in our Shops find Sale.

Next on his *Confin Ziba* you must Fall,
Whom you no better than a *Fool* do Call:

And

And Plund'ring Holy-Writ to make a *Fest*,
Which those that Read it most, will find it least.

Then he stands Tax'd for Fav'ring *Brimstone Whore*,
But leaves Sir *Bob* to Exercise his Pow'r;
Gallants no more need go abroad to Rome,
For here's a *Whoring Jubilee* at Home.
If the Reformer of the *City Breed*,
Suffer such Publick Vices to succeed;
Then may a-fresh the *Players* Post their *Bills*,
And *Quacks* not Perish, for their Loss of *Pills*.

But *Wiser Patriots* (by Example Led)
From those in Pow'r, and from the *King* their Head,
Will sure ordain that Vice shall be *Suppress*;
And *Country Towns* Reform, when *London's* Best.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 16. Line 15. Read Fix'd on.

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PERMANENT



THE FIRST

And Country Towns, when London's Bell
Will give origin that Vice shall be suppress'd;
From those in Power, and from the King their Head,
But Wiser Justice (by Example led)

And Justice not Justice, for their Loss of Bill,
Then may swell the Pleas of their Bill,
And shall speak Vices to success;
If the Honour of the City Breed,
For those a Pleas of Justice at Home,
Of which no more need to spread to Rome,
But leaves the Pleas to Exercise his Power;
Then the Pleas of Justice for Justice at Home,

Which those that Read it most, will find it less,
And Pleas of Justice will find it less,

THE FIRST

